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COVER: The Cries of Olde London. Pedestrians jostle for walking space with street vendors in the narrow and crowded cobblestone streets of 19th-century London. See story beginning on page 3.

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THE CRIES OF OLDE LONDON

By Peter Jackson

LONDON — The quite ordinary question had been put to me: "What are the Cries of London?"

I was a little taken aback when I was asked that. Just because we Londoners have always known about them, I had assumed that everyone would know what the Cries of London were.

The chap who asked the question was an executive at The Franklin Mint's corporate headquarters at Franklin Center, Pennsylvania — just outside of Philadelphia. I had gone over to the States from John Pinches, in London, the Mint's affiliate in the United Kingdom, with a problem I had hoped that the craftsmen of The Franklin Mint could help me to solve.

But more on that story later. First, back to the Cries of London.

To begin with, the Cries of London are associated with the colourful street vendors that today are a very special part of our past — a part of England's past.

The cries of the street vendors were first heard in London hundreds of years ago, at a time long before "supermarkets" were ever heard of — when even food shops, as we now know them, were a rarity.

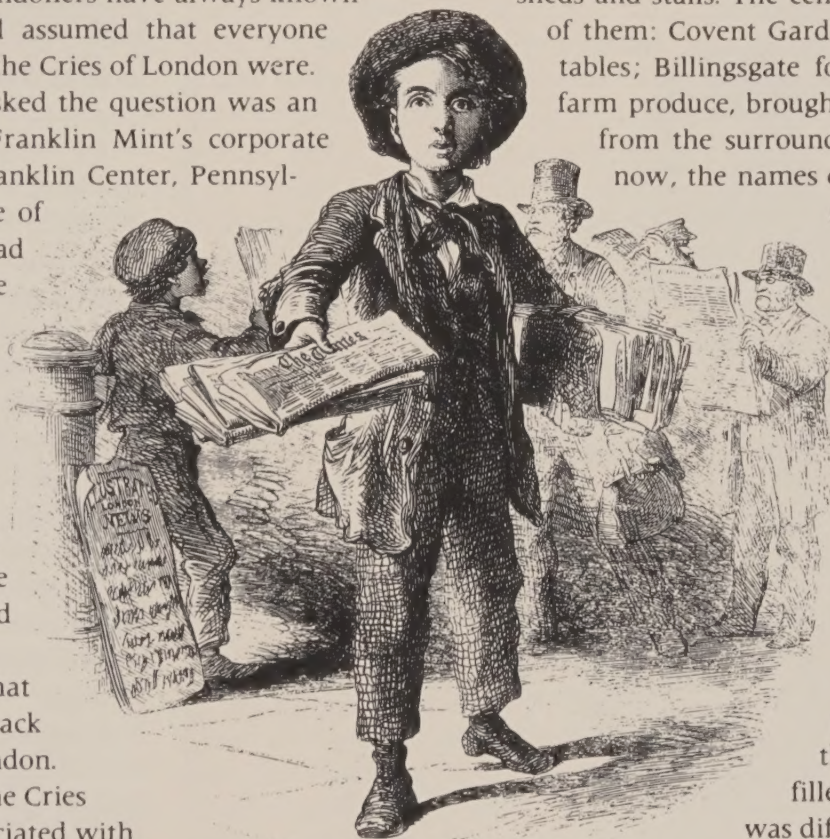
In those days, one bought the family food, housewares and other necessities of life at open-air markets — bustling and roisterous places crowded with sheds and stalls. The centre of London was full of them: Covent Garden for fruits and vegetables; Billingsgate for fish; Leadenhall for farm produce, brought straight into the city from the surrounding countryside. Even now, the names of a number of London streets off Cheapside

reflect the goods that were sold in those early markets — names such as Milk Street, Honey Lane and Bread Street.

However, those housewives of London who lived outside the centre of the city faced a problem. Surface transportation then was poor and the streets themselves often were filled with rowdies. And it was difficult, if not dangerous, for her to come in to the markets. So, naturally enough, the "markets" went to her. And they went

to her in the persons of the street vendors who roamed throughout London.

These were some of our first "independent merchants" — not unlike the early "hucksters" who, I



"Great news . . ."

(Editor's Note: The distinguished British artist and historian Peter Jackson has recently completed the creation of twelve sculptured pewter figures portraying the

street vendors of old London. The collection is titled *The Cries of Olde London*. Here, in his own words, Jackson tells the story of how this collection came about.)

understand, served much the same purpose at one time in America. Except that, in London, the street vendors had neither wagons nor barrows in which to carry their goods. And so they carried them in baskets under their arms or over their shoulders—even in trays on top of their heads.

As the vendors went about the streets of London, they made their presence known by calling out what they had for sale—their wares: "Mackerel . . . fresh mackerel . . ." Or, "Muffins! Muffins! . . . hot muf-

fins . . ." It was their only kind of advertising. And when the housewife heard those familiar cries, she could hurry to her door and refill the family larder right at her own stoop.

There were vendors of all kinds of foodstuffs and potables, as well as those whose wares included brooms, mats, old clothes, sand for scouring pots, china ornaments, even birds in cages. And each had his or her particular cry. The dustman, the knife-grinder and the chair-mender all announced their coming and "cried"

their services with phrases peculiar to their occupations. Not forgetting the watchman, who cried out the hours and the state of the weather all through the night.

"Dust, O!"

CRY OF THE DUSTMAN

Now, getting back to my trip to America—that, too, had its beginnings in London.

The people at John Pinches had been studying for some time, and had been very much impressed with, the collection of pewter sculptures depicting *The People of Colonial America* that had been issued by The Franklin Mint for collectors in the United States. Everyone at Pinches were impressed with the quality of the sculptures, and with the obvious skill and craftsmanship that had gone into their creation and casting.

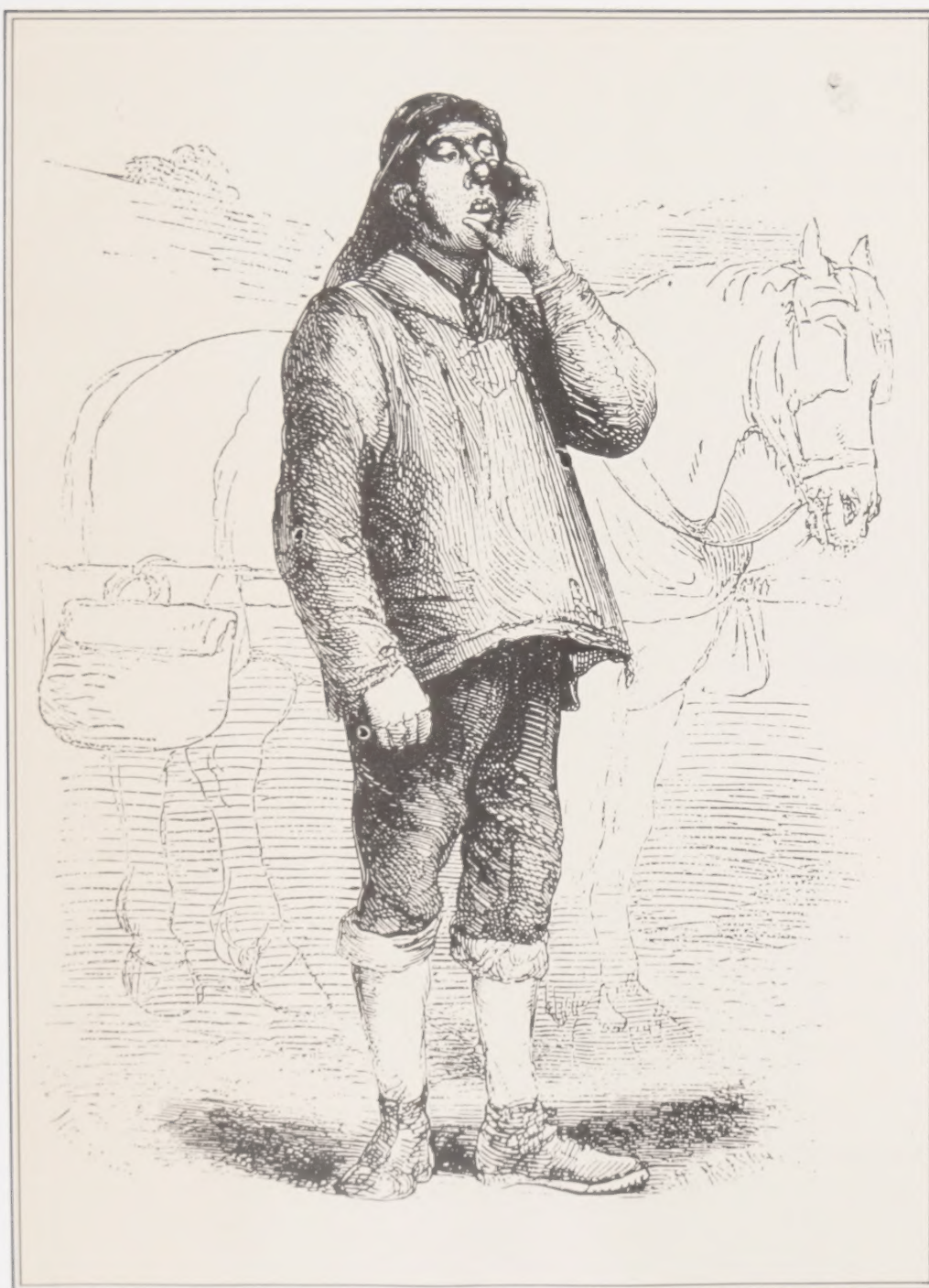
They were intrigued by the minute detail and, as they examined those exquisite portrayals of the people of America's past going about their every-day jobs, an obvious question posed itself:

"Couldn't these figures provide the inspiration for a collection of sculptures depicting English men and women? Why couldn't they become Londoners, instead of Bostonians or Philadelphians? Why, in point of fact, couldn't they become the street vendors of old London!"

And in just that way, the idea for a new collection of pewter sculptures was conceived. Now what was needed was to gather the appropriate historical data, find and commission the right artist and sculptor—and settle on a title.

And that's where I came in. After all, I was an historian, an artist and a Londoner.

They say that no Londoner ever knows London. He accepts it without curiosity; it is the outsider who studies it. And this I believe to be true—for





I was not *always* a Londoner.

Your Londoner is born "in the East End" or "north or south of the River", meaning the Thames, of course. I like to think I was born "south of the River". But it was 50 miles south—in Brighton—a large sea-side resort in Sussex. Being so near to London, it is sometimes called "London by the Sea" and has been ever since the 18th century, when the Prince Regent, later King George IV, built a sea-side retreat there and turned a sleepy little fish-

"Lavender.

Buy my sweet lavender."

CRY OF THE LAVENDER GIRL

ing village into a fashionable resort.

My early days at school were distinguished by a total lack of interest in anything that was not either historical or drawable. Although English Literature, which seemed to revolve around historical novelists like Sir Walter Scott, did stimulate my fascination for the romantic past of castles and knights in armour.

But my youthful passion for the Middle Ages found no satisfaction in a town of such recent relative vintage as Brighton, except that it was

generously endowed with cinemas, where adventure movies starring Errol Flynn and his likes could be seen again and again. (Even as I write these words, I am looking forward with impatience to seeing *Captain Blood* yet another time on the telly.)

So when, in 1939, my parents decided to move to London, it was a move I thoroughly approved of. Now I could see the great City where all that history I had read about actually happened. A City where I could see tangible remains of every period—going back to Roman times.

When we arrived in London, I lost no time in doing all the sights. But how I wish now that I had explored more thoroughly the little alleys and lanes, the quiet courts and backwaters which made London so unique. For very soon came the War, and with it the Blitz. London would never be the same again.

About this same time, my twin interests—art and history—began to merge in a more positive form. I had a natural ability at drawing, and a period of study at Willesdon School of Art developed and strengthened it—though I soon discovered that modern trends in fine art were not for me. So I began drawing historical scenes and writing stories for which I, myself, did the illustrations.

By the time the War ended, I had been taken up by an agent, had sold my first works and was by then, in fact, a professional artist. My early illustrations for a serialised version of *Treasure Island* were reprinted in book form and were quickly followed by those for *Ivanhoe*, *The Three Musketeers* and *The Hunchback of Notre Dame*.

Striving after historical accuracy, I began accumulating reference material on costumes, furniture, architecture and every-day life which would help me to reconstruct the past authentically in the drawings I was by now doing regularly for magazines and books.

Then, in 1949, the routine was broken, and my interest in history in

general was channeled into a specialised knowledge of London's history. And that, in turn, was to lead me to John Pinches and, eventually, to the pewter sculptures of the street vendors of London.

At about that time, an evening newspaper with one of the largest circulations in London was planning

"Buy a bill of the play."

CRY OF THE PLAYBILL SELLER

to launch an illustrated feature along the lines of a popular American series—but dealing solely with London. I heard about the plan, dug out some curious facts and worked out a technique for illustrating them.



The result was a major pictorial feature, called "London Is Stranger than Fiction", which ran for years, was published in book form, and began my artistic love affair with London. This was followed by more features and more books, the format of which would change from time to time over the years. But all of them had one thing in common—the history of London and her people.

Thus, through many years of col-

lecting background information for my articles and books, I accumulated an enormous library of both written and graphic material on London—one which is now probably the largest in the world still in private hands. It includes prints and engravings spanning a period of 700 years (the earliest

*"Twelve o'clock
and all's well!"*

CRY OF THE WATCHMAN

is a crude wood-cut view of London printed in 1493), original pencil drawings and water colours, photographs going back to the 1860s and many of which are original glass negatives, and memorabilia of every kind—trade cards, broadsides, play-bills and proclamations.

And it was, in fact, this collection



and my knowledge of London which brought me into contact with John Pinches when the street vendor programme was still in its earliest planning stages.

I had done an earlier job of work for Pinches—involving both historical research and design—in connection with Sir John Betjeman's *Bygone*

Britain medallic collection. They apparently had been quite pleased with what I'd done, and so they called me in.

Would I be interested in doing the background research for a series of sculptures to be based on the street vendors of old London?

I would not only be interested, I would be delighted.

Well, as I was also considered by many to be perhaps the finest illustrator of London street scenes currently working in Great Britain, would I also consider doing a number of sketches conveying my impressions of just how such figures might appear?

Now here was a challenge that not only interested and delighted—it positively excited me with its prospects! I said I would, indeed! And, indeed, I did!

Here, my library served me well when it came to recreating these old London characters. Luckily, they seem to have inspired artists through the ages, and there were plenty of contemporary drawings and paintings to call upon for reference.

But strangely enough, the most famous series of London vendors is also the most misleading. They are a set of thirteen engravings after paintings by Francis Wheatley, dating from 1792. These have been reproduced over and over again on calendars, chocolate boxes and biscuit tins and, though the original prints are rare and extremely valuable, framed photo-copies can be seen hanging in pubs and hotel lobbies all over the country. To the average person, these are the street vendors of London.

But they present a totally inaccurate picture. For the pretty, well-scrubbed young ladies they show were specially dressed and carefully posed models, highly idealised—quaint rather than realistic. And realism was what I wanted to achieve in my sculptured figures.

Fortunately, to discover what the street vendors of London really looked like, I had only to turn to the wealth

of contemporary material in my own collection. The etchings of Rowlandson and Gillray, the old children's chap-books and political cartoons. But, most particularly, the early 19th century books which were devoted to



the subject. Books like Pyne's *Costume of Britain* (1808) and his *World in Miniature* (1827), Philips' *Modern London* (1804), Smith's *Itinerant Traders* (1815) and Busby's *Costume of the Lower Orders of London* (1820).

This was the standard I sought to achieve. I wanted to avoid the usual historical pitfall of sentimentalising

"Six pence a pottle."

CRY OF THE STRAWBERRY GIRL

these people from the past and turning them into extras on a Hollywood film set of old London. For the more closely I looked at them, the more real they became.

The first four subjects I chose for my sketches were all splendid looking characters, and they lent themselves perfectly to presentation in sculptured form:

The Pedlar—with his pack open to exhibit his wares. *The Milkmaid*—with

her churns of milk hanging from a yoke across her shoulders. *The Chimney Sweep*—his brooms flung over his arm. *The Fisherwoman*—with her basket and crying out her mackerel.

Once again, Pinches were pleased with my work. They were, in fact, effusive in their praise of my sketches and my concept of the programme. They had, in the meantime, settled on a title. It was to be *The Cries of Olde London*. So the decision was made to press on with the project...

Since they thought I had done such a fine job with the first four sketches, and since I appeared to know as much as anyone about the subject matter, would I now go on and complete all twelve of the planned sketches—and finish up the job by sculpting the figures myself?

It was more than I could have hoped for! But would there be a problem about the casting of the figures? I wanted to sculpt the figures, to portray "my" people, as it were, in the most exact detail. And the question had troubled me from the beginning; would this pose any complicated technical difficulties?

Happily, the management at Pinches had already taken that into consideration. The craftsmen at Franklin Center in America had already proved their mastery of the pewter casting process with *The People of Colonial America* collection. If there were any problems with casting my models they would know how to solve them.

So it was that I found myself in the United States and in the research laboratories of The Franklin Mint, there showing my sketches and models to the mint's research and development people.

To my delight, The Franklin Mint people echoed the enthusiasms of the Pinches management for the sketches and models I'd created and for the collection of pewter sculptures that were to follow. At this point, however, I did not immediately appreciate the full extent of their enthusiasm.

Donald Overall of the mint's research and development staff examined my models with an eye towards any difficulty they might encounter

"Chimneys to sweep!"

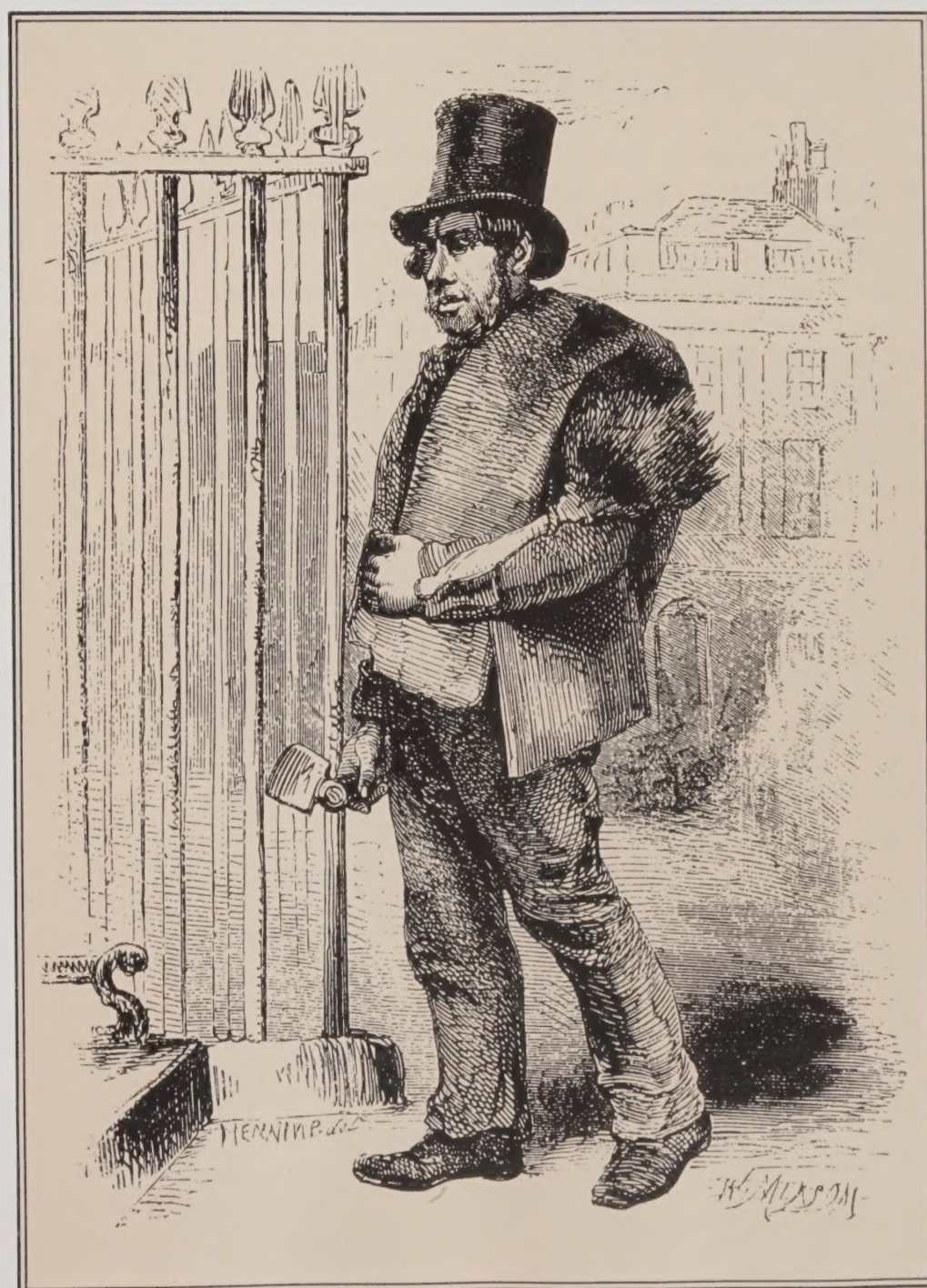
CRY OF THE CHIMNEY SWEEP

in producing them in pewter. And I was amazed at the degree of care with which he examined them.

Satisfied the sculptures could be

cast to the high standards of The Franklin Mint, he assured me no aspect of the work need be changed; that even though I had portrayed my figures in the most minute detail, the finished sculptures would be produced with absolute fidelity. It was at this point that the management of The Franklin Mint did something that, as they say in America, absolutely "floored" me.

A young executive to whom I had earlier been explaining the story behind the Cries of London, and who



had been going over my work with Donald Overall, returned to our discussion and asked if I'd stop by and visit with Brian Harrison, President of the mint, before leaving. As I had met Brian when he was head of Franklin Mint International in London, I was happy at the prospect of renewing our acquaintance.

And then the young man said something that struck me as a bit unusual at the time. He said Brian asked if I might bring my sketches and models with me to his office.

Well, I met with Brian and, after we'd exchanged pleasantries, he turned his attention to my models. And he, *too*, examined them with great care. Then, as I sat there in what I can only call a state of wonder, Brian placed an over-seas call to the management at Pinches.

After first telling the people at Pinches how excited he and others at

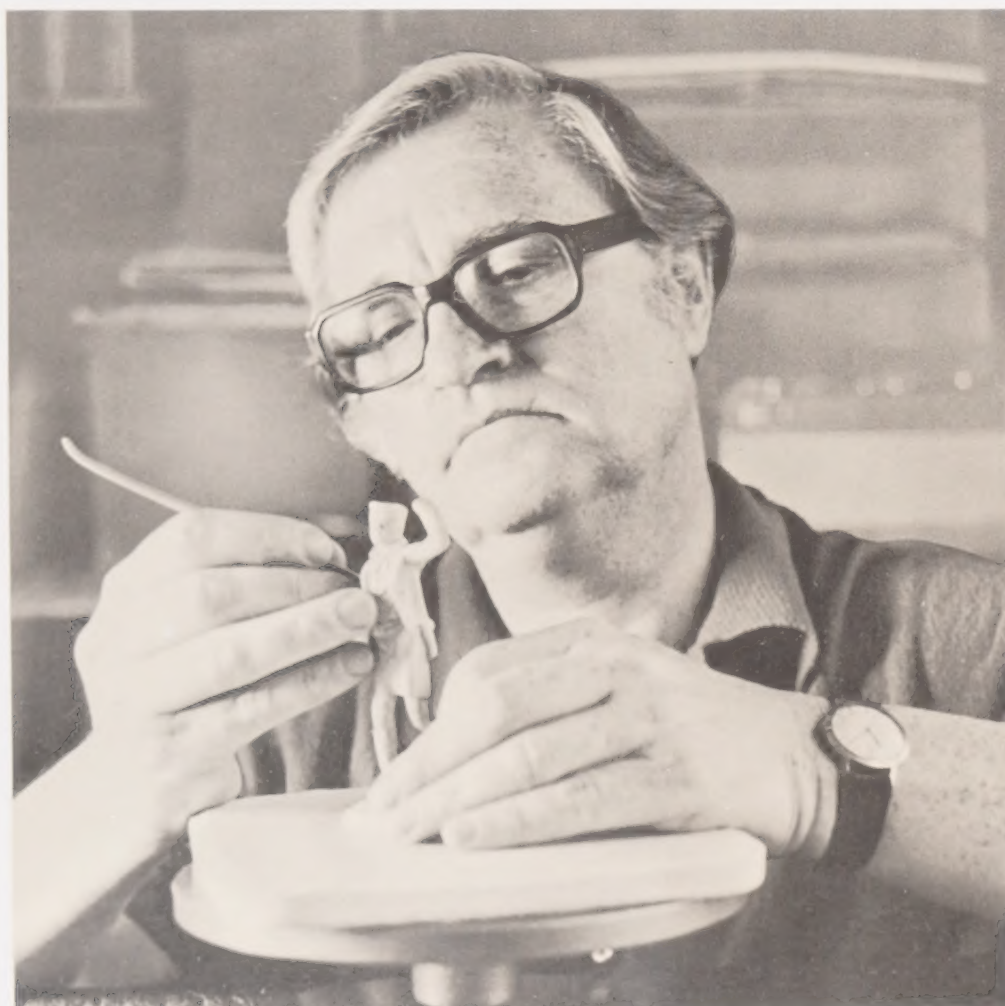
Franklin Center were over my work, Brian said the mint would be happy to take on the job of producing the pewter sculptures for *The Cries of Olde London* programme. I thought to myself: Splendid! Mission accomplished.

But there was more. Brian then went on to say he was *so* impressed with the charm and authenticity of the figures, in fact, that he had decided The Franklin Mint should offer the sculptures to their own collectors in America.


And that, as it's turned out, is just what's going to happen!

Of course, I am thrilled at the idea of having my work made available to collectors on both sides of the Atlantic—even though I'm still somewhat awed at the way it's all come about. But now I think to myself: Well, I suppose that's the way Americans do things.

Marvelous people!



Sculptor Peter Jackson works on a model for his "Cries of London" collection.



The Island Fortress

The fortified harbor of Valletta, capital city of the Maltese Republic.

THE ISLAND OF MALTA — now the free and independent Republic of Malta — appears on the world map only as a small dot anchored in the Mediterranean Sea. It lies not quite midway between Europe and Africa — and a thousand miles equidistant from Gibraltar and Suez.

Yet throughout the centuries, Malta has played a role in world history out of all proportion to its tiny size. And twice within the past four hundred years, it has been the rock on which tyrants have seen their dreams of world conquest shattered.

Malta separates the narrow strait that divides the eastern from the western Mediterranean. And no power has long held sway over the Mediterranean that did not first subdue Malta — just as no despot has long held mastery of Europe who did not first control the Mediterranean. Bitter lessons of history learned at great expense by Suleiman the Magnificent and Adolf Hitler alike.

This year, the Republic of Malta has appointed The Franklin Mint to strike Proof Sets of the nine coins in its decimal coinage — and to make them available to collectors in the United States.

Archaeological evidence dates human life on Malta from the late Stone

Age — approximately 6,000 years ago. But Malta's written history starts with the Phoenicians, who colonized the island in about the year 800 B.C. The Phoenicians gave way to the Greeks who, in turn, lost the island to the Carthaginians.

This taking of Malta by successive conquerors was always a matter of military necessity rather than territorial need, for the island holds little natural wealth. And so down through the centuries, Malta was occupied — with one notable exception — by imperialistic powers. By Rome, Arabia, Normandy, Spain, France and England, among others.

The exception was the period from 1530 to 1798, when Malta came under the reluctant control of the most extraordinary company of men ever to band together in a common cause. These were the warrior knights of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem.

The Order of St. John was formed in Jerusalem early in the 12th century by Christian knights who had come to battle the Saracens during the First Crusade. The victorious knights stayed on in Jerusalem to establish and maintain charitable hospitals that cared for Christian pilgrims visiting the Holy City.

These Knights Hospitallers, as

members of the Order came to be called, represented the flower of Europe's nobility. They were high-born, honorable and valiant — and among the most skillful fighting men of their day; a kind of elite foreign legion of European Christendom.

The Knights were as compassionate with friends as they were implacable with enemies, and they pursued their dual, if contradictory, roles — healing the Christian sick and slaying the Moslem foe — with equal zeal.

As members of a religious order, the Knights were true Christian



brothers who took vows of chastity, poverty and obedience. Chaste they may have been, and obedient they sometimes were. But poor they were not! The Knights, to a man, were used to the finer things in life, and there is no evidence of their ever practicing material self-denial—if they could ever help it.

In point of fact, the riches of the Order were enormous! All of the Knights came from great wealth and controlled huge estates throughout Europe. Upon joining the Order, a new member was required to make a substantial donation—his *passaggio*. And at his death, four-fifths of his estate passed to the Order.

The Knights, however, did not rely solely on charitable bequests for their income—even though, at one

time, eight European monarchs regularly contributed to their support. The Order also commanded squadrons of war galleys which periodically raided Moslem traders along the shores of the eastern Mediterranean. And if an occasional merchantman happened to be flying the banner of Venice—well, the Knights did not count Venetians among their members.

In 1291, the Crusaders were driven from the Holy Land by the armies of Islam, and the Knights of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem retreated—first to the island of Cyprus and then to the island of Rhodes, where they displaced the incumbent Byzantine rulers at sword point.

(It should be noted here that the people who actually lived in these lands touched by the Mediterranean

—the people whose homelands these had been for centuries—counted little in the great schemes of empire. Then, as now, force of arms usually proved a more effective claim to title than natural birthright.)

For the next 215 years, the Knights prospered in their refuge on Rhodes. They fortified the island against attack. They began construction of the city of Rhodes that stands to this day. And they continued their harassment of Moslem shipping in the eastern Mediterranean Sea.

Were it not for this latter enterprise, the Knights might have remained on Rhodes indefinitely—something they surely wanted to do. But the belligerence of this heavily-armed Christian presence so near to Turkish shores was a thorn in the side of the growing Ottoman Empire. And so, in the summer of 1522, a large Turkish fleet under the Ottoman Emperor Suleiman I attacked the Order's bastions on the island of Rhodes.

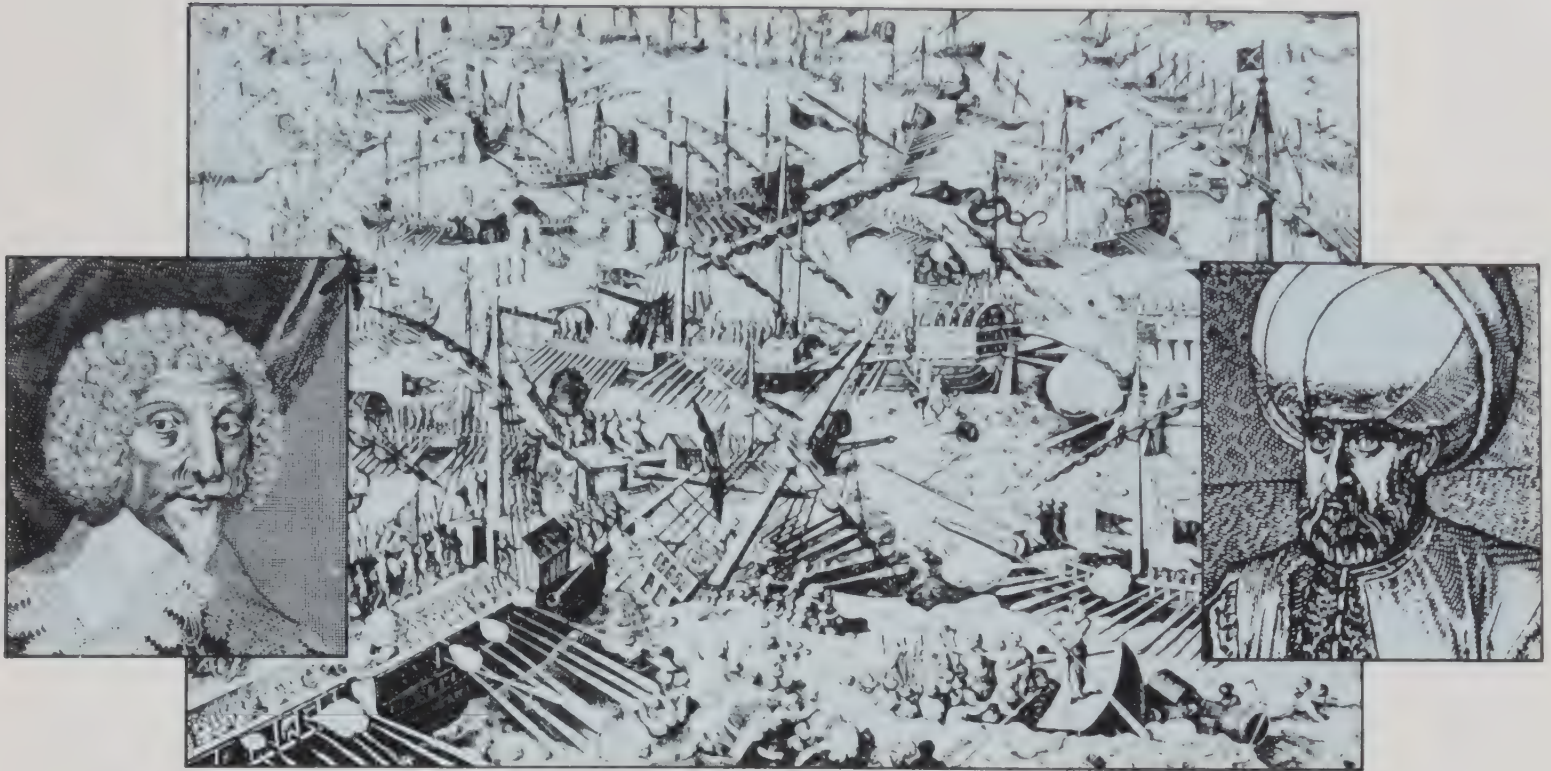
The heavily outnumbered Knights were no match for the Turks and, after holding out for six months, the Knights surrendered to the forces of Suleiman. The Moslem ruler snatched ultimate defeat from apparent victory, however, when he allowed the defeated Knights to sail into exile once again in their ships of war. It was a gallantry that Suleiman the Magnificent would come to regret.

For almost a decade, the evicted Knights of the Order of St. John wandered the Mediterranean Sea in search of a new home. They stopped briefly at Crete. They sought, but were denied, permission to establish a permanent base at Messina in Sicily. The Pope granted them asylum—temporary asylum—on the Italian peninsula, first at Civita Vecchia and later at Viterbo.

While fighting the Saracens in Jerusalem, the Knights had been hailed throughout Europe as heroes—defenders of the True Faith. Nearer to home, however, they had become an awkward embarrassment at best—at



Two knights of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, the Knights of Malta.



Grand Master Jean de la Valette (left), whose Knights of Malta defeated Suleiman the Magnificent (right) in 1565.

worst, potential troublemakers. They had become, literally, men without a country.

Finally, the Knights found a grudging benefactor in the Holy Roman Emperor Charles V, King of Spain. With his empire, Charles had inherited a small island some 60 miles off the south coast of Sicily—an island that could not be considered one of the jewels in his crown. The land was rocky and the soil so thin its residents could barely feed themselves. And so, in the year 1530, King Charles V grandly presented the island of Malta to the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem. His annual payment for the fiefdom—a single falcon.

The chagrined Knights were hardly elated with the Emperor's gift—or even grateful for his generosity. They had been given a barren island only one-fifth the size of their beloved Rhodes; a refuge difficult to defend, and inhabited by a people the Knights held in little more than contempt. And the gift had been given to them on a take-it-or-leave-it basis.

Time and events proved the Knights wrong—wrong about Malta

and wrong about its stubborn and courageous people. For, while the Knights had been looking for a new home, their old and inexorable enemy Suleiman the Magnificent had been looking for new worlds to conquer. And conquer he did!

The Sultan Emperor of the Ottoman Turks marched his armies both east and west. He swept through Persia to the banks of the Euphrates. He crossed the Bosphorus and captured Constantinople. He thrust across the Balkans to the Danube and besieged the Hapsburgs behind the walls of their capital of Vienna.

On the sea, Suleiman sent his Algerian corsair Khair ad-Din—that dreaded admiral known in the West as Barbarossa—to scourge the Mediterranean and the lands bordering it. All Islam believed it was owed a debt by Christian Europe dating from the First Crusade—and Suleiman meant to collect it in Rome.

But a successful invasion of Italy would require control of the Mediterranean. And in the Mediterranean was Malta. And on Malta were the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem.

Between the years 1547 and 1563, the Turks sent their war galleys to attack Malta no fewer than eight times. Eight times the Turks landed and engaged the Knights. Eight times the Turks were driven off. Then, on May 18, 1565, the Turks returned to Malta a ninth time. And this time they returned with an armada of nearly 200 ships and more than 30,000 troops—determined, once and for all, to smash their proud and hated foes—the Knights of St. John.

Waiting to meet the Moslem onslaught on Malta were some 3,000 Knights and about twice that number of poorly trained, poorly armed—but brilliantly led and incredibly courageous Maltese—among them, many women and children.

The Turkish forces circled the island, landed on its lightly-defended southern coast, and the battle was joined—as all of Europe waited and prayed. The concern of the Europeans over the outcome of the conflict was very real—for very good reason. That concern was best expressed by England's Queen Elizabeth I:

"If the Turks should prevail against



Today, shotgun-armed Maltese hunt birds as once they hunted Italian saboteurs

the Isle of Malta, it is uncertain what further peril might follow to the rest of Christendom."

All through that terrible summer—for nearly five months, in fact—the bloody battles of the Great Siege of Malta raged across the island's limestone-studded fields, along its coasts, and through its tiny towns and hamlets. The fighting was savage, the displays of valor many, and the losses appalling. But the losses were mostly Turkish losses.

The fighting on Malta ended at last on September 8, 1565, when the surviving Turks fled to their remaining ships—leaving behind almost 30,000

of their dead. The Knights had lost some 300 of their Order; the Maltese many times that number.

The successful defense of Malta marked the end of Suleiman's dreams of an Ottoman Empire in Europe. Yet it also marked a beginning—the start of Malta's long and relentless march toward full nationhood and independence. It also marked a change. For—from that time onward—the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem have been known as the Knights of Malta.

The defeat of the Turks at Malta was one of the greatest victories in the history of western civilization. Ironically, however, the brave people of Malta were destined to undergo yet another great siege—longer and more terrible than the first—before they finally achieved their long-sought independence.

Nearly 400 years after the siege of Malta, the second world war of the 20th century broke out in Europe—and quickly engulfed tiny Malta.

On June 11, 1940, less than a year after the outbreak of hostilities, the first Axis planes appeared in the skies over Malta—and the bombing began. The next day the planes returned and bombed again. They returned—again and again—every day for al-

most a thousand days. And the bombing went on without end.

Why this awful punishment of a small island less than a fifth the size of London? More than 3,000 air raids. Nearly 15,000 tons of bombs dropped. Thousands of Maltese killed or wounded; 25,000 buildings destroyed or damaged. *Why?*

Because, like Suleiman before him, Adolph Hitler's appetite for conquest was insatiable. And in the *blitzkrieg* summer of 1940, the power of the Third Reich seemed invincible. Poland lay crushed. A humiliated France ravished and defeated. Norway and the Low Countries were occupied. England held at bay behind her Channel moat. The Balkans ripe for plunder.

Hitler now turned his sights on North Africa. And the prizes he saw there were as rich as they were seductive. Take the Suez Canal, and the British would be cut off from their bases in India and the Far East. Push on through Arabia, and seize a reservoir of oil that would lubricate the Nazi war machine for a hundred years.

Any Axis move into North Africa, however, would have to be supplied from bases in Italy. And those supplies would have to be shipped or flown across the Mediterranean. Thus, the success of a North African campaign clearly hinged on control of the Mediterranean. And to control the Mediterranean, Hitler—like Suleiman—would have to subdue Malta.

But, as had the Knights of Malta before them, the British now occupied that strategic island. It was the home port of the Royal Navy's Mediterranean Fleet and a major base for the Royal Air Force.

Hitler gave his U-boats the order to blockade Malta—and to the *Luftwaffe*: Pound Malta into rubble! Hitler, however, failed to reckon with the limestone caves of Malta, which provided natural air raid shelters. Nor did he comprehend the determination of the Maltese people *not* to be pounded to rubble.

In February of 1941, Hitler sent a



Ships of the British Royal Navy's Mediterranean Fleet at anchor in the harbor of Valletta, Malta, prior to the outbreak of World War II

German expeditionary force to Africa to press the assault on the Suez. For almost a year, General Erwin Rommel's *Afrika Korps* and the British Eighth Army under General Sir Bernard Montgomery battled back and forth across the North African deserts.

Finally, in May of 1942, Rommel mounted a last desperate offensive. His battle-toughened infantry overran the exhausted British garrison trapped in the enclave of Tobruk, while his *Panzer* divisions streaked across the sands of Egypt to El Alamein — barely a day's march from the Nile Delta. But that is as far as Rommel's tanks ever got. And the "Desert Fox" never was able to fulfill his proud boast: "Tonight I will sleep in Alexandria."

The Germans were stopped — as much as by a lack of fuel and ammunition as by the British Army. Indeed, fully half of the materials of war that were sent from Italy to supply Rommel's army never reached him. Instead, they ended up at the bottom of the Mediterranean — sent there by the British Royal Navy and a three-



The George Cross — "for Gallantry."

plane R.A.F. squadron operating out of indestructible Malta.

In October of 1942, the British Eighth Army counterattacked at El Alamein — and the Germans were pushed back. Back out of Egypt, back out of Libya, and back into Tunisia — there to be met by the advancing American invasion force of "Operation Torch." Rommel and his *Afrika Korps* were trapped between two Allied armies, the inhospitable Sahara and the unfriendly Mediterranean

still dominated — if only barely — by Malta.

In the spring of 1943, what remained of the *Afrika Korps* surrendered to the British and American forces.

The destruction of the German Army in North Africa was a turning point in history, and the beginning of the end for Adolf Hitler's dream — another dream of conquest shattered on the rock of Malta.

* * *

On April 15, 1942, His Majesty King George VI of Great Britain commanded that a special medal be awarded to Malta for the conspicuous courage of the Maltese under enemy fire. The citation accompanying that historic medal reads:

To honour her brave people,
I award the George Cross to
the Island Fortress of Malta
to bear witness to a heroism
and devotion that will long
be famous in history.

It was the only time in history that a medal for gallantry was ever awarded to an entire people.



Nine coins that tell the fascinating history of Europe's newest republic

The decimal coinage of the Republic of Malta is among the most unique of all the currencies of the world.

Ranging in denomination from two mils (mills) to fifty cents, these nine coins each depict a different subject — all of which have in some way touched the history of this island fortress — dating from the age of mythology to the present day. The obverse of each coin carries a design relating to the history of Malta, while the reverse indicates the coin's value.

The Maltese Cross (2 mils) — This is the traditional emblem of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, the Knights of Malta who made the island their home.

The Bee and the Honeycomb (3 mils) — Meli is the Greek word for honey, which was once used as currency in ancient Malta. The word also may have provided the ori-

gin for the name of the island of Malta.

The Mnara (5 mils) — An earthenware lampstand in the shape of a human figure, the Mnara was used to hold the oil lamps that provided the island's principal source of illumination until World War II.

The George Cross (1 cent) — The British medal awarded to the people of Malta for their gallantry during World War II.

Penthesilea (2 cents) — This profile of the mythical Queen of the Amazons is based on an ancient carving found in a palace of the Knights of Malta in Valletta, capital of Malta.

The Altar of Hagar Qim (5 cents) — A small altar, dating from 2000 B.C., it once stood in the prehistoric Temple of Hagar Qim on Malta.

The Grand Master's Barge (10 cents) — Yet another tribute to the Knights of Malta

is this depiction of the ship reserved for the Grand Master of the Order.

The Coat of Arms (25 cents) — This newest Maltese coin carries on its obverse the Republic's coat of arms.

The Great Monument (50 cents) — The three allegorical figures portrayed on this coin form part of a monument that celebrates the Maltese victory over Turkish invaders in 1565.

* * *

Collectors Society Members who wish to acquire Proof Sets of the decimal coinage of Malta may do so by sending a check for \$27.50 (plus \$2. handling charge) per set to: Collector Services, The Franklin Mint, Franklin Center, Pennsylvania 19091. Limit: 2 sets per subscriber. Ordering deadline: September 30, 1976. (Please include your Franklin Mint account number).

An ancient and charming tradition . . .

The Love Spoon

AT THE DOOR of her one-room thatched-roof cottage, the young peasant girl — demure and quietly pretty, with her long hair falling gently to her shoulders — waits for the Welsh country boy who, she feels very sure, will soon come a-wooing.

As her swain draws near, her heart skips a beat — for the lad has brought her the long hoped-for declaration, and gift, of his love. A beautiful and cherished *Love Spoon*. A silent and intimate statement of his courting intentions — of his ardent desire “to spoon.”

Gently smiling, she accepts the gift. And in so doing, she also accepts her suitor’s declaration of love — and grants him the right to hope that, one day soon, he and she may be betrothed.

Thus, without a word spoken between them, these two young people have taken their first tentative and innocent step toward the vows of marriage.

* * *

The origin of the custom of giving Love Spoons — those charming “love letters of the tongue-tied” as they have been called — is lost in the legends of ancient Wales. The earliest known Love Spoons, now a part of the collection at the National Museum of Wales, is dated 1667 — but historians are convinced the custom is much older than that.

Only this much is certain: The fine art of crafting Love Spoons reached its highest peak of development

in Wales where, for centuries, it was practiced by everyone from skilled professional artists to talented peasant folk.

Indeed, the traditional Welsh Love Spoon was often a great deal *more* than a gift of love. It was also a significant *labor* of love. Usually created by the man himself to honor the young woman of his choice, the Love Spoon was often the product of hundreds of hours of patient — and painstaking — hand-craftsmanship.

As with all traditional art forms, the not inconsiderable skills required to create Love Spoons were handed down from father to son, from generation to generation. And so, too, were the many *symbols of love* that were the basis for the designs of such spoons.

* * *

The Heart. This traditional symbol of love appeared on almost every Welsh Love Spoon.

Commas. The soul motif. No one knows how this ancient Egyptian symbol for the soul came to be used in Wales. Almost invariably arranged in pairs, they indicated that two souls were now one.

The Lovebird. This sweet and lovable symbol of romance was a charming addition to the design of many Welsh Love Spoons.



Roundels. These “wheels” meant “I will work for you.” Sometimes, highly stylized “spokes” also formed a part of the wheel design.

The Keyhole. This frequently used symbol signified that “my house is yours.” This charming sentiment was also sometimes conveyed by a design showing a small cottage.

The Chain. The traditional Welsh symbol for the links of marriage.

Each Love Spoon was different from all others — sometimes in small but always very important ways. Other traditional design elements included the spade, indicating “I will dig for you” . . . flowers, lover’s knots, rabbits, boots, shoes, crowns, family coats of arms, and individual inscriptions that sometimes indicated the year the spoon was crafted.

* * *

Although the giving of a Love Spoon was rightly regarded as a serious matter, it did not *necessarily* mean that the couple would be betrothed. Indeed, it is rumored that many a coquettish village maiden built herself quite a collection of Love Spoons crafted by any number of smitten country lads!

But even though its uses were sometimes light-hearted, the Love Spoon became a very important folk-art in Wales — and remains so to this day. This unique art form continues to attract the talents of many fine Welsh artisans. Indeed, it is a frequent

subject of competitions at the great *National Eisteddfod* — the famous annual festival of music, poetry and the arts.

And it is precisely because the ancient art of creating Love Spoons remains so important today that the artists and craftsmen of The Franklin Mint have created a *collection* of authentic Love Spoons in this same great Welsh tradition.

Individually crafted in the collector’s choice of either solid sterling silver or solid 18 karat gold, these superb new collectibles will be The Franklin Mint’s *first* Love Spoons. And they are being made available *exclusively* to established Franklin Mint collectors.

Members of The Franklin Mint Collectors Society who wish to acquire these unusual and beautiful Love Spoons — whether for themselves or as a perfect gift for a loved one — should study the announcement that appears on the following page.



Announcing the first collection of

Franklin Mint Love Spoons

*crafted in solid sterling silver
and in solid 18 karat gold*

*Reserved exclusively for established
Franklin Mint collectors.*

Subscription deadline: September 30, 1976.

IN THE AGE-OLD TRADITION of the Love Spoons of Wales, the artists and craftsmen of The Franklin Mint have created the first collection of *Franklin Mint Love Spoons*

This fascinating new collection will consist of eight beautiful Love Spoons crafted in the collector's choice of solid sterling silver or solid 18 karat gold

The major design elements for these spoons — Hearts, Flowers, Lovebirds, Wheels, Lovers' Knots, Keyholes, Chains and Comma-shaped symbols of the soul — are traditional Welsh signs of love. Thus, these first *Franklin Mint Love Spoons* not only capture the *essence* of the Welsh tradition, but also its *substance*

Superbly designed, deeply sculptured and marvelously detailed, these exquisite Love Spoons are among the most beautiful collector's spoons ever created — and deserve a prominent place among the possessions of the discriminating collector.



The first *Franklin Mint Love Spoons* are being issued *in strictly limited edition*—and the collection is reserved exclusively for established Franklin Mint collectors. There is a firm limit of *one* set of spoons per subscriber, and the total edition in the United States will be equal to the exact number of Franklin Mint collectors who subscribe by September 30, 1976.

(Because of the universal appeal of these Love Spoons, the collection will be offered to Franklin Mint collectors in other countries at a later date. But the subscription rolls in the United States and Canada will close at midnight, September 30, 1976.)

The collection of eight Love Spoons will be sent to subscribers at the convenient rate of one spoon per month. The issue price for each sterling silver Love Spoon is \$29.50. In 18 karat gold, the price is \$350.

each spoon individually at the time of its shipment. A custom-designed wooden display frame will be provided to each subscriber to this collection without additional charge.

The first *Franklin Mint Love Spoons* reflect both the artistry of their creators and the charm of the ancient Welsh tradition that inspired them. They are sure to become a treasured family heirloom—to be displayed and enjoyed now, and passed along with pride and satisfaction to future generations.

Collectors Society Members who wish to acquire this unique collection—the first *Franklin Mint Love Spoons*—may simply complete and mail the special subscription application bound into this issue of the *Almanac*. Please note that you need not send any payment with your application. But please remember: the application *must* be postmarked by September 30, 1976, to be accepted.



Subscription Application

The first collection of

Franklin Mint Love Spoons

*Reserved exclusively for established
Franklin Mint Collectors*

**Subscription deadline:
SEPTEMBER 30, 1976**



ON SHOWN ACTUAL SIZE



A custom-designed wooden display frame will be provided to each subscriber as part of the Love Spoon collection.

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THIS FLAP IS GUMMED • MOISTEN AND PRESS TO SEAL

Subscription Application

The first collection of

Franklin Mint Love Spoons



Application must be postmarked by
SEPTEMBER 30, 1976

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each spoon individually at the time of its shipment. A custom-designed wooden display frame will be provided to each subscriber to this collection without additional charge.

The first *Franklin Mint Love Spoons* reflect both the artistry of their creators and the charm of the ancient Welsh tradition that inspired them. They are sure to become a treasured family heirloom—to be displayed and enjoyed now, and passed along with pride and satisfaction to future generations.

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Valid only if postmarked by
September 30, 1976

Limit: One collection per subscriber

As an established Franklin Mint collector, I wish to exercise my exclusive right to acquire the first collection of *Franklin Mint Love Spoons*. The collection is to consist of eight finely-crafted collector's spoons, to be sent to me at the rate of one spoon per month, beginning in November 1976.

I need send no payment at this time. Each spoon will be billed to me, individually, at the time of its shipment.

I wish my Love Spoons to be crafted in (check one):

- ☐ SOLID STERLING SILVER
at \$29.50* per spoon.
- ☐ SOLID 18 KARAT GOLD
at \$350.* per spoon.

*Plus my state sales tax

A custom-designed wooden display frame will be included as part of my collection.

Signature _____

All applications are subject to acceptance by The Franklin Mint

PLEASE PEEL OFF THE GUMMED LABEL FROM THE
BACK COVER OF THIS ISSUE AND AFFIX IT HERE



COLLECTION SHOWN ACTUAL SIZE



A custom-designed wooden display frame will be provided to each subscriber as part of the Love Spoon collection.

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Superbly designed, deeply sculptured and marvelously detailed, these exquisite Love Spoons are among the most beautiful collector's spoons ever created —



THIS FLAP IS GUMMED • MOISTEN AND PRESS TO SEAL

The Franklin Mint Collectors Society
THE FRANKLIN MINT
Franklin Center, Pennsylvania 19001

BUSINESS REPLY MAIL NO POSTAGE NECESSARY IF MAILED IN THE U.S.

FIRST CLASS
PERMIT NO. 1
Franklin Center
Pennsylvania

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each spoon individually at the time of its shipment. A custom-designed wooden display frame will be provided to each subscriber to this collection without additional charge.

The first *Franklin Mint Love Spoons* reflect both the artistry of their creators and the charm of the ancient Welsh tradition that inspired them. They are sure to become a treasured family heirloom—to be displayed and enjoyed now, and passed along with pride and satisfaction to future generations.

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COMPLETE COLLECTION SHOWN ACTUAL SIZE



A custom-designed wooden display frame will be provided to each subscriber as part of the Love Spoon collection.



performing a vital role . . . in a world of silence

Archie R. Halangh

Chief Archivist of The Franklin Mint

TWO THINGS HAPPENED to Arlie Slabaugh when he was sixteen years old that have affected the entire course of his life ever since.

Late in 1941, Arlie Slabaugh was stricken with meningitis—in that pre-penicillin era an almost always fatal disease. Two operations saved Arlie's life—but left him totally and permanently deaf. His loss of hearing is so complete, in fact, that Arlie can barely distinguish the sound of his own voice.

Earlier that same year, Arlie Slabaugh had become a member of the American Numismatic Association—at that time one of the youngest members ever admitted to the world's most respected society of coin and medal collectors.

Today, Arlie Slabaugh is the Chief Archivist of The Franklin Mint, and a leading authority on coinage, currency, medallic art and the world's monetary systems. He is known internationally with both affection and accuracy, as "Mr. Numismatics."

And today, Arlie looks back on those twin occurrences of more than thirty years ago with an almost serene equanimity. He is as philosophical about the one as he is enthusiastic about the other.

Arlie Slabaugh answers questions about his deafness easily and openly. But it is not easy to ask those questions. "Conversation" with Arlie is carried on mostly in writing.

"Accepting the fact of my deafness was difficult at first. But after I had thought about it a little, I realized I was actually lucky to be alive. At first, the doctors told my family there was no hope. I suppose that's why they operated on me on Friday the 13th.

"But I fooled them. Like many youngsters of that age, I had tremendous will power and ambition. After I accepted the fact that I was totally deaf, and always would be, I scaled down my ambitions a bit. I figured the chances of my being elected the first deaf President of the United States were pretty slim anyhow.

"Adjusting to being without hearing did present some problems. Friends assumed I could still hear at least a little, and I didn't always like to admit to strangers that I couldn't hear at all. But this occasionally led to embarrassing misunderstandings, so I decided to drop the camouflage about my deafness entirely.

"Since then, I've never pretended to have any more sense—or more senses—than I actually have. And I've found it's a good way to be at peace with the world. Besides, the fact is I don't miss my hearing as much as some people might believe."

Arlie Slabaugh has a second official title at The Franklin Mint, and that is Director of Numismatic Information—and it's a most appropriate one. Arlie is constantly being asked all sorts of questions about Franklin Mint issues and about specimens of coins and medals minted elsewhere, some struck as recently as yesterday and some dating back to ancient times.

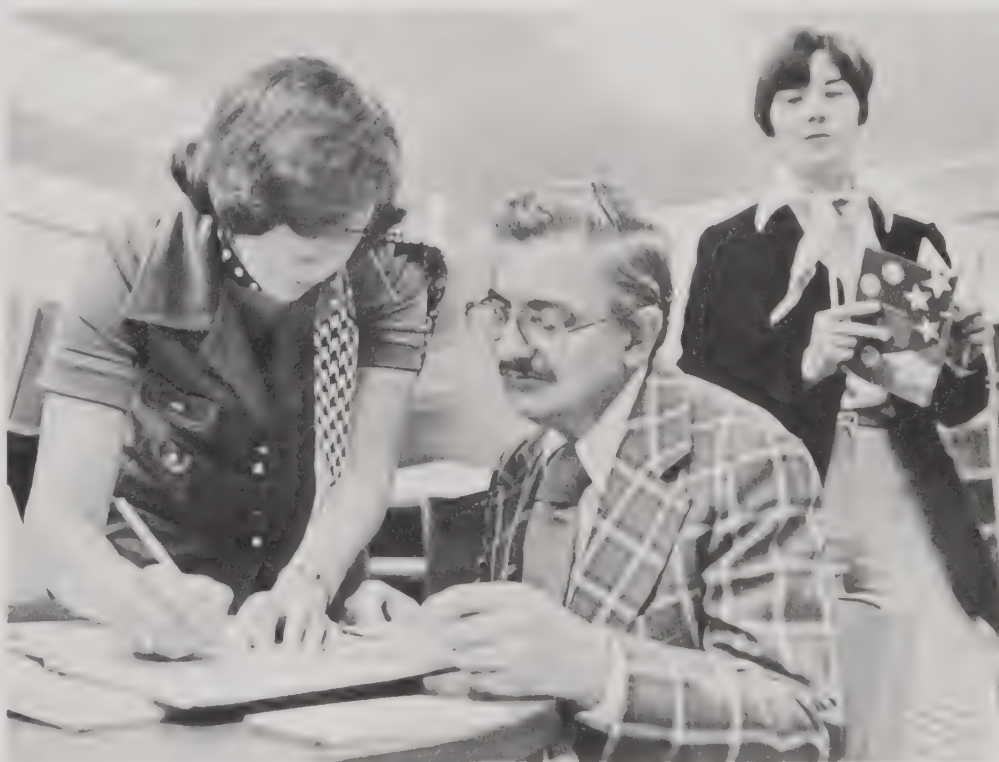
"I'm afraid I don't always have the answers on the tip of my tongue. In fact, because of the broad range of my collecting interests, I just try to be sure I know where to go to find the

information requested. And, more often than not, I can find the answer I'm looking for in my own numismatic library. Over the years, I've assembled several hundred books on coins, medals, tokens and paper money—in addition to having written a few myself.

"It really gives me a tremendous kick to be able to locate an obscure bit of information that someone else has tried, but failed, to track down. Of course, there are also some disappointments. I always regret having to tell someone that his 'rare coin' is not really that rare after all. Or worse than that, when I have to tell him it's a fake."

As Chief Archivist, Arlie is in charge—naturally enough—of the mint's Archives, in which he attempts to preserve at least one sample of every item produced by The Franklin Mint since it struck its first medal back in 1965. Joseph M. Segel, the mint's founder, had the foresight to direct that at least one of every issue be preserved for the Archives. Unfortunately, this was not always done.

"In the early days of the mint, and in line with its strict policy of abso-



Librarians Nancy Harvey, left, and Ruth Burns consult with Slabaugh on a new medallic issue.

lute integrity, only the exact number of coins or medals subscribed for were minted and after that the dies were destroyed. That's *still* The Franklin Mint's policy—but now we make sure to strike at least one specimen for the Archives," Arlie explains.

"So when I 'inherited' the Archives, one of the first things I did was to try to fill in the gaps. I know I've sometimes made a pest of myself in trying to track down those missing early samples. But if you're going to be an archivist, you've got to be persistent. And, if I do say so myself, I've become a pretty good detective.

"Even though the Archives collection still has some gaps, it is remarkably complete. In fact, our catalogues and records are probably more accurate than those of many government mints. I'm pretty proud of that," Arlie says.

Speaking of catalogues, the Archives is also responsible for the publication each year of *Limited Editions of The Franklin Mint*, a catalogue of almost 300 pages containing illustrations and descriptions—including mintage and production figures—of all specimens issued by the mint in the preceding year.

In effect, this official publication provides Franklin Mint collectors with the essential data they require, since it would not be feasible or practical to open the Archives to general view by the public, a service that in any case is fulfilled by The Franklin Mint Museum. The Archives is, however, available to Franklin Mint personnel, and is frequently checked when questions arise concerning past or future programs.

How does one become an "archivist?" Certainly, it is not one of the more common careers available, nor one for which many colleges or universities offer preparation. In the case of Arlie Slabaugh, it began with his becoming a collector—which is, after all, his only and all-consuming avocation. Arlie tells how he began—on his grandparents' farm near the small

community of Eglon, West Virginia.

"My parents and I lived with my grandparents along the border between West Virginia and Maryland. In fact, one side of the farm formed part of the state boundary.

"My grandparents were a rather extraordinary couple and, even forty years ago, most people would have considered them 'old fashioned.' But they weren't really—and it was by choice, not necessity, that they stayed with 'the old ways.' They were quite prosperous and could easily have afforded the latest labor-saving devices, but they *chose* not even to have electricity installed.



Arlie Slabaugh in The Franklin Mint Archives.

"The log house in which my grandfather was born was still standing during my childhood, and it was used every day as both a workshop and blacksmith shed. And there I learned to work with my hands, using many tools that even then were considered antiquated. I also learned to shock wheat and flail grain with implements that would have been familiar to any farmer of colonial America. So, in a way, my experience spans more than a century of American life. In fact, the many old things my family owned contributed to my interest in history and collecting.

"One day when I was seven I found an 1864 Indian head penny in the yard near the farmhouse. It was the

first coin I think I ever 'collected.'"

During the following year another event occurred that had a lasting influence on the young collector. It was 1933—the year of the "great depression." The year the banks were closed. And the year the government "called in" the gold.

"I can recall it clearly," Arlie says today, "although I was only eight at the time. My family, apparently remembering the bank failures that followed the stock market crash of '29, had played it safe and deposited their paper money in a number of different banks. Their coins, both gold and silver, were secreted away throughout the house in old coffee cans and mason jars.

"I can remember they spent several days going through all those coins—pennies, nickels, dimes, quarters, halves and silver dollars—picking out the gold pieces. Under the terms of the Executive Order calling in gold bullion, certificates and coins, only recognized collectors were allowed to keep rare or unusual foreign and U.S. gold coins minted before April 5, 1933, the date of the order.

"At that time I wasn't a 'recognized' collector. But some years later my grandfather let me check through his remaining coins, and I managed to find several worthwhile coins dating back to the early 1840s.

"Actually, I didn't begin my 'serious' collecting until 1938, when I mailed ten cents to a coin dealer for a 'banknote and foreign coin'—not otherwise identified. They turned out to be a German *notgeld* note (emergency paper money issued after the First World War) and a Mexican one centavo coin. After that, I was on my way."

And, indeed, Arlie Slabaugh was! Within three years after becoming a "serious" collector, Arlie was enrolled by the American Numismatic Association—despite his youth—because of his "exceptional interest" in the field of numismatics. At about that same time he began writing, editing

and publishing his own collector magazine, *The Hobby Spotlite*. In 1954, Arlie was appointed associate editor of *Numismatic Scrapbook* magazine, and remained in that capacity until he was invited to join The Franklin Mint in 1967.

Arlie was now more than *just* a “recognized” collector; he was a “recognized” professional numismatist.

“Even though I was now making at least part of my living from what once had been only my hobby, I still continued to spend more on collecting than I was making from it. It was my ambition to create what I began to think of as ‘The Arlie R. Slabaugh Historical Collection’ which, I hoped, might one day be the basis of a medallic museum.

“I began selling off the coins I’d collected solely by date and started replacing them with *thematic* collections, particularly historical coins and medals from ancient times to the present; unusual tokens; paper money of the world. I even started collecting historical philatelic rarities—such as the California Gold Rush covers stamped ‘Via Panama.’ These letters, incidentally, didn’t come through the Panama Canal, which hadn’t even been dug yet; they came *across* the Isthmus of Panama by mule pack.

“But my ‘dream’ collection was not to be, and in the end turned out to be just that—a dream.

“You see, even though most of the coins and medals I was acquiring back in the 1940s cost far less than they do now, it still would have taken many, many thousands of dollars to accomplish what I wanted—far more than I could afford.

“Now here is the irony of my experience. When I realized I couldn’t achieve my ambition, I disposed of my first collection—even though I’d gotten great enjoyment from it. But if I still had that collection intact today, it would probably be worth close to a half million dollars!

“There’s a lesson to be learned from my hindsight, and it’s this:

Prices may be considered high today—but prices were *also* considered ‘high’ back then. In fact, prices are almost *always* ‘too high’—but that has never stopped them from going higher! So my advice is: Start collecting young. Collect the finest specimens you can afford. Collect them systematically—and then *hang on* to them! You’d be amazed at how much a collection can appreciate in value in just twenty years.”

Unfortunately, Arlie Slabaugh has not always followed his own advice.

“Well, I guess I’ve always been a better ‘giver’ than ‘taker’ of advice, and I suppose I’m now working on my fourth or fifth collection. But I don’t have any regrets.

“When Joe Segel invited me to join The Franklin Mint, I jumped at the chance. Because it meant that I could devote the rest of my working career in the fascinating world of numismatics—and with what has become the world’s leading organization in that field.

“My work here at the mint has al-

lowed me to continue my own collecting and to pursue my vocation on trips throughout America and abroad. I’ve been able to go on with my writing—both my own books and articles for numismatic publications—and to serve as an officer of the Token and Medal Society. I’ve also helped play a part in building The Franklin Mint into the world’s largest and finest private mint. But most of all, it’s given me the chance to meet with hundreds of people—especially young people—and to attract many of them into the wonderful world of coins and medals.”

But of his deafness, is there really no sense of loss, of bitterness?

“Oh, it’s inconvenient not being able to use the telephone. And I do miss not being able to take part in discussion—where I could display my ‘devastating’ wit. But, on the other hand, I don’t have to listen to a lot of gossip, gripes or unpleasant talk. Unless, of course, someone wants to go to the trouble of writing it out.”

Arlie Slabaugh, “Mr. Numismatics.”



Arlie Slabaugh doing what Arlie Slabaugh likes best—attending a coin and medal exhibition.

New wing being added at Franklin Center



THE CLATTER OF riveting hammers and the rumble of bulldozers and backhoes are echoing around Franklin Center these days, as a new three-story office building rises on land once utilized for a parking lot.

From behind the security of a picket fence, steel I-beams are being lifted into place by a huge crane to be secured into position by burly ironworkers who scurry across the naked steel as lightly as acrobats.


Franklin Mint artists and craftsmen pause on the way to their studios and workshops to gape and wonder as the new structure — looking for all the world like a giant Erector Set — changes shape almost daily. And yet, this work going on — so different from their own — has a kind of grace and discipline of its own. And the men performing the work, bare-armed and hard-hatted, move with practiced ease as they guide the steel into place like shifting so many pieces of a gigantic jigsaw puzzle.

The building that eventually will emerge from all of this steel and labor has been designed to harmonize perfectly with the mint's existing facilities and landscaping.

The new building, the third addition to The Franklin Mint headquarters complex in six years, will contain more than 47,000 square feet of space and will be connected to the adjacent main headquarters building by a bridged corridor at the second floor level.

When completed next year, the new wing will contain a number of executive offices. And the executives who will occupy those offices are — quite literally — being *evicted* from their present quarters. The reason: A critical need for additional space to accommodate the mint's ever-expanding roster of resident artists and sculptors, whose number already exceeds that of any mint in the world — public or private. And it is not unlikely that at some time in the near future a young sculptor will be pleasantly surprised to find himself working in an area once occupied by a vice president.

Collectors Society Members who visit Franklin Center next year will also find themselves in for a pleasant surprise. Because the new building will also contain an elevator that will whisk them swiftly and silently to the mezzanine, gift shop and tour areas.

But don't stay away 'til then. Despite the bustle of construction, we're still maintaining our tour schedules — and waiting to greet you. 

The Collector's Forum

A trip to remember

Have you ever enjoyed yourself at another's expense? I did recently when I had the opportunity to tour The Franklin Mint.

Through seeing the movie *Of Art and Minting*, I learned much—even at the age of 62! I never realized how much work goes into each coin and medal issued by The Franklin Mint. You should really let more people know about the tours that are conducted through your minting facility and museum.

I know I'll remember this trip for a long time to come. You sure made my day—and all for free.

M.H. / Pennsylvania

We'd be happy, of course, to tell more people about the tours conducted through The Franklin Mint. Here's the rundown: Public tours are conducted at 9 a.m., 10 a.m., 1 p.m., 2 p.m. and 3 p.m. Monday through Friday every week of the year. Group tours, which can be reserved by calling (215) 459-6168, are conducted at 9:30 a.m., 1:30 p.m., 2:30 p.m. and 3:30 p.m. Mondays through Fridays.

The Franklin Mint Museum is open from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. Mondays through Saturdays and on Sundays from 12 noon to 5 p.m. Admission is always free. And, for Members of The Franklin Mint Collectors Society, the Member's private Club Room is open during all tour hours. The Society's staff is always on hand to greet Members and provide refreshments. Do come and visit us.

A beautiful ingot . . . a surprised father . . . and a missing Almanac

What does one do when the mails have delivered the June issue of the *Almanac* while you have been waiting for, expecting the May issue for more than a month? One's reactions are that the mails have goofed, or that something else is amiss.

The reason why missing one issue of the *Almanac* is so distressing is that I look forward with interest and anticipation to all the articles in every issue, reading the magazine from cover to cover. Also, I have a collection of every issue of the *Almanac*—all in "mint" condition—and to miss one issue is downright awful!

The mystery has been solved! On June

20th, 1976, my two girls and my wife presented me—Dear Ole Dad—with his 1976 Father's Day Ingot (a masterpiece!) with this explanation:

"We hid your May issue of the *Almanac* because we took the order form and address label to get you your ingot, knowing that if you saw the May issue, our surprise would be gone. Our intention was to give you the ingot and the May issue together, but now we can't find the issue. We're sure you can get a duplicate. You can—can't you?"

Well, after seeing the ingot and, above all, reading the inscription—the words about a dad's love being strong and wide and deep—what can I say? Except that I love those kids and I love that wife. Result:

Ingot: Beautiful, a work of art.

Dad: Surprised.

Wife and kids: Happy.

May issue of the *Almanac*: Still missing.

Can I have one?

J.R.R. / Pennsylvania

P.S. If there is any charge, please advise.

J.R.R., your postscript is unnecessary. Your past due Almanac is on its way to you—post-haste and postpaid—with our hearty thanks for your very nice letter. And with our earnest wish for many more happy Father's Days—with that wonderful wife and those wonderful kids.

Our Dorothy Hayden receives thanks from a young collector

(Editor's note: The following letter was received by Dorothy Hayden, Secretary of the Collectors Society, from 14-year-old Benjie Silverman. Benjie is one of the forty-three young numismatists who won Franklin Mint scholarships to the American Numismatic Association's annual Summer seminar in Colorado Springs, Colorado, this July. Benjie and his parents paid a recent visit to the mint to say "thank you" to the Collector's Society staff.)

* * *

I really appreciated and enjoyed the tour and your hospitality. I am still thrilled about my trip to The Franklin Mint, and the coin I received from you will always remind me of it.

Later that day we saw the Louis Elias-

burg Collection at the Philadelphia Mint.

Please give my thanks to Mr. Krieg, Mr. Colton, our tour guide, Betty, and everyone else I met. You are doing a great service to young collectors, and I am grateful.

Benjie Silverman

An imaginative collector writes

The People of Colonial America pewter figures are a continual joy.

It occurred to me several months ago that I could provide appropriate backgrounds for the figures by arranging them with pieces of mini-furniture and accessories. Although I have not yet completed the settings with walls and windows, I am sending you a photograph of the arrangement I have done for the colonial women of the collection.



In other settings I am working on, the sea captain on a tall pedestal goes beautifully with a tall ship etching. And miniature animals lend a piquant touch to scenes for the hunter and the farmer figures. I am still adding to my mini-scenes and have just located some handsome horses for my blacksmith.

I would be happy to share my idea with other collectors, so please feel free to use the photograph in the *Almanac*.

M.W. / New York

We're always delighted to share creative ideas for displaying collectibles with our readers. And it is especially nice when the ideas come from Collector Society Members. We hope other Members will follow M.W.'s example and send in their imaginative display ideas. Thank you, M.W.

The Bicentennial Notebook



The Living History Center

With the approach of the Bicentennial Summer, the city fathers of Philadelphia faced a challenging problem. What should the city's major role be in the forthcoming celebration of America's 200th birthday?

The possibilities were many. To begin with, Philadelphia *could* pay tribute to the significant part played by the city and its residents in America's fight for independence: The First and Second Continental Congress, the adoption of the Declaration of Independence, the Winter at nearby Valley Forge. The list seemed endless.

But what of those other cities — Boston and New York — and *their* citizens? They also played a vital part in shaping the free nation we all enjoy today. And should Philadelphia examine *only* America's past — or should it also reflect its present and project its future?

Finally, should Philadelphia invite Americans to take part in a sober, educational review of our nation's history? Or should it ask them to take part in a joyous birthday party?

Philadelphia decided — in untypical Philadelphia fashion — to do *all* of those things. And so it invested two years and \$11.5 million in creating the Living History Center.

Housed in an ultra modern red brick

building just off Independence Mall, the Living History Center salutes America's rich heritage and history through the magic of electronics and the wonder of the motion picture screen. And what a movie screen it is!

Covering more than 6,500 square feet and rising as high as a seven-story building, the movie screen in the Center's IMAX (stands for "maximum image") Theatre is the largest in the world. And a good thing it is, because the film projected on the screen, *American Years*, tells a whopping big story.

Produced by moviemaker Francis Thompson, whose film *To Be Alive* for the 1964 New York World's Fair won an Academy Award, *American Years* recounts the highlights of American history in motion and color and sound with overwhelming impact.

The film opens on a quiet countryside setting. The scene is photographed from a low angle, giving those in the audience the impression they are lying in tall, lush grass. From the rear of the auditorium comes the beat of approaching hoofbeats. The sound grows louder and louder — until the listener is sure he is about to be trampled. At that instant, the sound

"jumps" over the audience and a horse and rider "land" on the screen — seventy feet tall! The effect is astounding.

From this opening scene of a mounted courier spreading the news of the start of the American Revolution, the audience is swept through the pages of our country's



history — era by era — in just forty-eight breathtaking minutes.

Thrilling as it is, *American Years* is not the only attraction at the Living History Center, for there is much more to see and do at this major Philadelphia exhibit.

A 16,000-square-foot exhibition area on the main floor of the Center is crowded with eighteen electronic animated exhibits that invite the visitor to become *involved* with America's past and present.

Soundscapes, for instance, surrounds the perimeter of the room. This device consists of a set of headphones equipped with a large red "on" button. By pushing the button, a listener can hear a variety of spoken excerpts from history — ranging from a reading of George Washington's Inaugural Address to a speech by Dr. Martin Luther King.

A unique, stand-up theatre, *Songbook*, is the Center's chief musical attraction. In this exhibit, the audience can listen to patriotic, popular and rock music while watching an ever-changing projection of images on a kaleidoscopic screen surrounded by mirrors. On the *Almanac's* visit



to the Center, the audience was accompanying the eight-minute presentation with foot tapping and singing.

To the New World is a sixty-four scene slide presentation that occupies the center of the exhibition area. This visual display is designed to tell the story of the impact that foreign immigrants have had on the making of America. That story is told through the use of narration, the music of foreign lands and the projected image of the faces that make up our nation's population. It is a display that leaves its viewers with a sense of pride in a country that has opened its doors to oppressed peoples from throughout the world.

In the *Future Theatre*, visitors to the Living History Center gain an insight into America's role as "a nation of planners" working on the problems that will be confronting the nation in the decades ahead. This provocative film is complemented by a bank of simulated voting machines set to one side of the theatre.

After viewing the film, the audience is invited to "cast its ballots" for those issues which they think the nation should attack as priorities during the final quarter of the 20th century. Issues that may be voted on include energy, national defense, welfare reform, aid to cities, and other problems. Each "ballot" is registered automatically and tallied so that "voters" can watch a running total of the ballots as they are cast.

Briefly, some of the other exhibits at the Center include:

History Walk—A seventy-foot-long presentation using still photographs and printed texts that gives a chronological review of American history from the landing of Columbus to the present day.

Quiz Machine—A computerized exhibit which, at the touch of a button, flashes questions concerning American history on a screen, together with multiple choice answers. The visitor is then invited to test his knowledge of history by trying to select the correct answers.

Also computerized is *Birthday Machine*. Operated by a Center guide who punches out the visitor's date of birth on a keyboard, the machine then lists all of the



historical events that occurred on the visitor's birthday.

Those are just *some* of the exciting things to see and do at the Living History Center that will appeal to all grownups.

The Center has not forgotten children, however, and has imaginatively utilized

the roof of its handsome building to erect an exhibit called *Historytoy*. Actually, it's a super playground featuring ten giant fiber-glass and steel replicas of teeter-totters, merry-go-rounds and the like. As children play on their base, the tops of the giant toys are activated, making the entire exhibit great fun for youngsters.

Also on the roof of the Center is an abstract sculpture by Harold Lehr, while a second sculpture, *Colonial Youth With Fife*, greets visitors at the Center entrance.

All in all, the Living History Center, which was developed by the well-known design firm of Raymond Loewy International, is sure to provide both an educational and enjoyable adventure for all visitors. Just be sure to allow enough time to see everything—which will take a *minimum* of two hours. You can even stay for lunch; there are two restaurants right in the Center.

The Living History Center is a project of "Philadelphia 76"—official Bicentennial agency of the city of Philadelphia. The Center is open from 9:30 A.M. to 10 P.M. every day of the week. Admission is \$3.50 for adults and \$2 for children under 18 and senior citizens.



Collectors Society Newsletter

A MONTHLY REPORT TO FRANKLIN MINT COLLECTORS SOCIETY MEMBERS

EDITOR'S NOTEBOOK

Musicians visit mint

The Franklin Mint played host this Summer to members of a high school band from Eastman, Georgia, who were in Philadelphia to take part in the July 4th Bicentennial festivities.

The group calls itself *The Cumbancheros*, which is a Spanish word used to convey the joys of singing and dancing. The 86 boys and girls who make up the band spent all their free time for weeks washing cars, selling candy, and picking corn to finance the 1,800-mile round trip to represent Georgia in Philadelphia's July 4th Parade of the Fifty States.

The marching band also played the National Anthem during ceremonies on July 3rd at the cutting of a 55,000-pound Bicentennial birthday cake in Philadelphia's Fairmount Park.

Although The Franklin Mint was closed on July 5th for a long holiday weekend, Mint President Brian Harrison made special arrangements for *The Cumbancheros* to

tour the minting facility and The Franklin Mint Museum.

"It's a pleasure to host a group that has worked so hard to make this trip," Harrison told the group as he greeted them. "I hope you have many pleasant memories of your visit to Philadelphia and The Franklin Mint to take back home."

A new crystal design director

Peter W. Yenawine, one of America's leading crystal designers, has been named director of design for Franklin Crystal, one of the newest divisions of Franklin Mint Corporation.

Yenawine will create original designs for Franklin Crystal's limited edition plates, sculpture, cameo paperweights and other fine full-lead crystal items, according to Robert H. Hallowell III, the division's director.

Before joining Franklin Crystal, Yenawine was crystal designer for the Steuben Division of Corning Glass Works. While he held this position, Yenawine designed the four crystal candlesticks which be-

came the United States' gift to Princess Anne of Great Britain on the occasion of her wedding.

Speaking contest winner

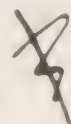
The Rochester New York Junior Numismatic Association has written to say they thought we might be interested in the subject chosen by one of their young members for a recent speaking contest.

The choice of subject apparently was a good one for Drew Townson. Because, with it, he won the annual Meinhart Memorial Speaking Contest—named for Edward F. Meinhart, founder of the association. Drew's subject: "The History of The Franklin Mint."

The young numismatist was presented with a personal trophy and had his name inscribed on a *permanent* trophy, which is housed in the Rochester Museum and Science Center.

Congratulations, Drew!

Bud Henry
Editor



The Franklin Mint's Bill Krieg, left, accompanies Bruce McLennan, Superintendent of the Royal Australian Mint, on a "busman's holiday" tour of the mint during McLennan's recent visit to Franklin Center.



The Franklin Mint's exhibit proved to be a popular attraction with visitors to the 41st International Eucharistic Congress held in Philadelphia from August 1 through 8.

Recent Issues

OF THE FRANKLIN MINT

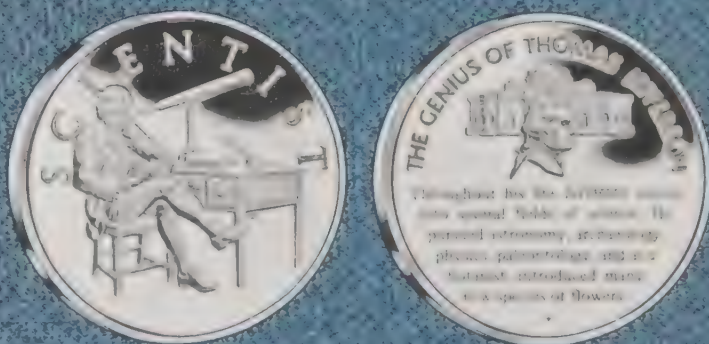
This department lists some of the many interesting medals, coins and other collector's items recently created by The Franklin Mint.

Proprietary series of The Franklin Mint, usually issued over a period of months or years, are sold by advance subscription only. Occasionally, a subscriber will relinquish his rights to one of these series. For details about obtaining relinquished rights to a particular series, please write to Collector Information, The Franklin Mint, Franklin Center, Pennsylvania 19091.

Information on the size and limits of each edition is published annually in the reference catalog *Limited Editions of The Franklin Mint*. Individual collectors who wish to obtain such information for any new Franklin Mint issue before publication of the annual catalog may do so by sending their requests, along with a stamped, self-addressed envelope, to the Editor of the *Almanac* no earlier than 90 days after the subscription deadline date for that issue.

Catalog numbers for all issues shown are preliminary and are subject to change.

GTJ-3 / Scientist Thomas Jefferson once commented, "Science is my passion, politics my duty." And throughout his life, as he became a leader in the struggle for his country's independence, Jefferson devoted most of his time and attention to his official duties. Even so, he managed to find time to make important contributions in several different fields of science, among them meteorology, ethnology, chemistry, astronomy, archaeology and paleontology. After his retirement from the presidency, Jefferson continued to devote his remaining years to the study of science and, at the time of his death in 1826, was considered one of America's best-informed men. Jefferson's role as a scientist is the subject of the third issue in *The Genius of Thomas Jefferson* medal collection. *Sculptor:* Eugene Daub. *Size:* 39mm. *Proof Edition:* gold on sterling.



HSC-10 / Ptolemy The first great astronomer of the Christian era, Ptolemy was born, probably in Alexandria, Egypt, about the beginning of the 2nd century. Ptolemy believed that the earth, as the center of the universe, was stationary and that the planets revolved around it in varying epicycles. Ptolemy was also one of the earliest scientific geographers and made extensive measurements and maps of the then known earth. He grossly overestimated the size of Asia which, ironically, indirectly led to the discovery of America. Relying on Ptolemy's writings, Columbus assumed he could easily reach the shores of Asia by sailing westward from Europe, not knowing that the vast continents of North and South America lay between the two. Ptolemy is the subject of the tenth issue in *The Franklin Mint Medallion History of Science*. *Sculptor:* Norman Nemeth. *Size:* 39mm. *Proof Edition:* sterling silver.



TAA-3 / Chez Mouquin — 1905 The third issue in *The Bicentennial Collection of the Treasures of American Art* portrays one of the finest works by the celebrated American artist William Glackens, a member of the now legendary group of artists known as the Philadelphia "Eight," which also included such modern masters as Robert Henri, John Sloan, George Luks and George Bellows. In *Chez Mouquin*, Glackens has depicted a "slice of life" view of New York's cafe society in the early years of this century. This pioneer work helped to launch an important new trend in American art. *Sculptor:* Carol Yocum. *Size:* 45mm. *Proof Edition:* gold on sterling.





OPS-31 / "Les oiseaux dans la charmille" The *100 Years in the La Scala Bicentennial Treasury of Opera's Most Beautiful Moments* medal collection pays medallistic tribute to the delightful aria *Les oiseaux dans la charmille* — "The birds in the bower" — from the German composer Jacques Offenbach's only serious opera, *Les Contes d'Hoffman* — "The Tales of Hoffman." Although born in Cologne, Germany, in 1819, Offenbach made his great reputation as a composer of light operettas in Paris, where he became musical director of *Le Comédie Française*. In composing "The Tales of Hoffman," Offenbach fulfilled the dream of his lifetime. He was cruelly denied his triumph, however, when he died four months before the opera premiere on February 10, 1881 in Paris. He never knew that he scored an immediate success, achieving more than 100 performances in its first season alone. *Sculptor:* Caesar Rufo. *Size:* 45mm. *Proof Edition:* gold on sterling.



MHM-10 / Cyrus the Great Establishes the Persian Empire—c. 539 B.C. After he conquered Babylonia in the year 539 B.C., the Persian King Cyrus the Great established the largest empire the world had ever known up to that time. It extended from the Aegean Sea in the East to the Indus River in the West and from the Gulf of Oman to the Caucasus Mountains, an area roughly the size of the continental United States. On the tenth medal in *The Medallist's History of Mankind* collection, Cyrus is depicted being greeted by the Babylonians more as a liberator than a conqueror. One of Cyrus' first acts after his conquest was to set free the Jews being held in captivity by the Babylonians and to permit them to rebuild the city of Jerusalem and restore its temple. *Sculptor:* Donald Everhart II. *Size:* 51mm. *Proof Edition:* gold on sterling.



HMS-36 / The Bather—1808 This neoclassical work by the French artist Jean-Auguste-Dominique Ingres is sometimes called the *Baigneuse de Valpinçon* after its original purchaser and was painted by Ingres in 1808 at the age of 28. Surprisingly, this masterpiece is not derived from either ancient or Renaissance influences, from which Ingres took most of his inspiration. Rather it is a spontaneous tribute to feminine beauty — an image of his model as he saw her in his studio. In no other of his works is Ingres' passion for beauty translated with greater intensity. In creating *The Bather*, Ingres was at his best. He avoided artificiality, set formulas and abstract schemes of composition, so that the greatness of the painting emerges from its simplicity and restraint. *The Bather* is the 36th issue in *The 100 Greatest Masterpieces* collection of art medals. *Sculptor:* Daniel Stapleford. *Size:* 51mm. *Proof Edition:* gold on sterling. *Regular Edition:* sterling silver.

BBI-5 / Deuteronomy — Moses Views the Promised Land This silver tablet is the fifth issue in the *Books of the Bible* collection and portrays the final scene in the book of Deuteronomy, in which Moses stands on the mountain and looks into the Promised Land, which he may not enter, but into which Joshua will lead Israel. Among other things, Deuteronomy must be looked upon as an exposition of the Mosaic faith: The God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob is the Just and Righteous God, who has entered into a loving covenant with His people. In return, He demands complete love and devotion. "Hear, O Israel: the Lord our God is one Lord: And thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thine heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy might" (Deuteronomy 6:4-5). These tablets are issued in Jewish, Catholic and Protestant versions. *Sculptor:* James Ferrell. *Proof Edition:* sterling silver.



GSI-20 / Mayflower — 1620 On September 6, 1620, the *Mayflower* set sail from Plymouth, England, carrying 104 passengers — Pilgrims bound for the New World in search of religious freedom. Built along the lines of a typical 17th century merchantman, the *Mayflower* was approximately 90 feet long and 25 feet wide and carried six sails on three masts. She was not the ideal ship in which to attempt a Winter crossing of the storm-tossed North Atlantic. And so, for 67 days the small ship plowed through the grey ocean, much of the time tossed by squalls that made it impossible to hoist sail. Yet, despite overcrowding, seasickness and other hardships, the ship finally reached the coast of Cape Cod and safely dropped anchor in what is now Provincetown Harbor. The Pilgrims later went ashore at Plymouth to establish the first successful colony in New England. The *Mayflower* is the 20th issue in *The Great Sailing Ships of History* ingot collection. *Sculptor:* Daniel Stapleford. *Weight:* 1500 grains. *Proof Edition:* sterling silver.



MAYFLOWER 1620

The "Mayflower" completed one of history's most significant voyages of colonization when she brought the Pilgrims to America. Leaving England on September 6, 1620, the "Mayflower" arrived in Provincetown Harbor after a stormy 67-day passage. At Plymouth the Pilgrims established the first successful colony in New England.



FMR-5 / Drummer, 4th Georgia Continental Battalion Although the drummer was usually only a young boy, he was one of the most important soldiers on the Revolutionary War battlefield. For it was the drummer who set the cadence for his advancing comrades-in-arms and beat out commands for troop movements under direct enemy fire. The expression on the face of the pewter figure reflects the hardships experienced by men in battle. With hat in hand, the young musician stands sadly by his drum, clutching his drumsticks. After months of constant battle, his shoes, breeches and regimental coat have become worn and patched. The drummer, from the 4th Georgia Continental Battalion, is the subject of the fifth pewter figure issued by The Bicentennial Council of the Thirteen Original States to honor *The Fighting Men of the American Revolution*. *Sculptors:* William Imrie and Clyde Risley. *Size:* 4½-inches in height.

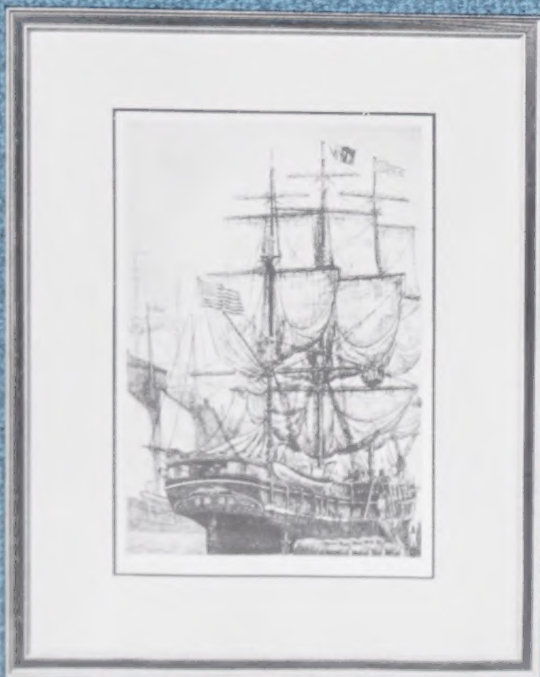




FSP-2 / Summer Bouquet This sterling silver and enamel plate is the second in the series of *The Four Seasons* champlevé plates designed by René Restoueix, master enameler of Limoges, France, and issued by The Franklin Mint. Champlevé, the art of applying fine enamel to precious metal, dates back to the fourth century of the Christian era. In Summer Bouquet, Restoueix has combined the star-shaped bloom of the aster and the blue petals of the long-stemmed cornflower with the graceful Andromeda and stalks of ripening wheat against the deep iridescent green of Summer foliage. Size: eight inches in diameter.



GLH-1 / Alexander the Great The first issue in the *Great Leaders of History* collection of cameos in crystal honors Alexander the Great who, in just eleven years, created an empire that stretched from the Balkan peninsula to northern India and encompassed almost all of the then known world. Alexander began his campaign of conquest in 336 B.C. when he succeeded his father, Phillip II, as King of Macedonia. He was 20 years old at the time. He died, probably of malaria, at the age of 33, having spread Greek culture throughout much of Europe, Africa and Asia. In addition to being a great warrior-king, Alexander was also a brilliant scholar and a great lover of poetry. Sculptor: James Ponter. Size: two-inches high by three-inches wide. Franklin Mint Edition: cameo set in full lead crystal.



HSA-2 / The Whaler 'Charles W. Morgan' The second in a series of four hand-signed *Historic Ships of America Etchings* by Alan Jay Gaines depicts the whaling ship *Charles W. Morgan*. Launched in 1841 at the Hillman Brothers shipyard in New Bedford, Massachusetts, the three-masted, 351-ton vessel is the only American wooden whaler still in existence. During her 80-year active career, the ship made 37 whaling cruises, during which she took more than 2,500 whales. Designated a National Historical Landmark in 1967, the *Charles W. Morgan* is now preserved at Mystic, Connecticut, Seaport. The etching is matted and mounted in a black and gold hardwood frame measuring 27 3/8 by 21 3/4-inches overall. *The Historic Ships of America Etchings* collection is an issue of The Franklin Mint Gallery of American Art.

Your Franklin Mint Representatives' Datebook

Your FM Representatives' Datebook

Following are meetings and other events at which Franklin Mint Representatives will appear during September and October. Members and their guests are invited to visit our representatives at the scheduled shows and inspect the displays. Usually, there is no admission charge or a very nominal one. Representatives are available to coin clubs and service organizations for speaking engagements. However, because of the demands on their time, they cannot travel long distances unless they have several meetings in the same area. Members wishing to discuss representatives' engagements should call Mrs. Kathleen Miller at (215) 459-6120 for further details. Members who wish to attend particular meetings and require additional information should write to Collector Relations, The Franklin Mint, Franklin Center, Pennsylvania 19091.

September 10-12

Ed Quagliana
Onondaga Numismatic Association
Sheraton Motor Inn
7th North Street
Syracuse, New York

September 10-12

Dan Harley, Virginia Culver
Illinois Numismatic Association Convention
Holiday Inn
US Route 36 West & Wyckles Road
Decatur, Illinois

September 11

Ralph "Curly" Mitchell
California Wooden Money Association Meeting
7 p.m. to 9 p.m.
O'Cathey's Museum
1351 Phillips Boulevard
Pomona, California

September 13

Ralph "Curly" Mitchell
Convair Coiners
7:30 p.m. to 9:30 p.m.
Convair Recreation Room
9115 Clairemont Mesa Boulevard
San Diego, California

September 16-19

Ralph "Curly" Mitchell, Virginia Culver
North California Numismatic Convention
Jack Tar Hotel
Van Ness Avenue at Geary Street
San Francisco, California



September 17-19

Glenn Gundelfinger
Colorado/Wyoming Numismatic Association
and the Cheyenne/Laramie Coin Clubs
Fall Coin Show
Little America
Cheyenne, Wyoming

September 17-19

Ed Quagliana
Virginia Numismatic Association Convention
Marriott Twin Bridges Motor Inn
US Route 1 & 95
Alexandria, Virginia

September 18-19

Dan Harley
Magic Empire Coin Club Show
Tulsa Civic Association Auditorium
Tulsa, Oklahoma

September 24

Ralph "Curly" Mitchell
Yorba Linda Rotary
12:30 p.m. to 2:30 p.m.
Yorba Linda Country Club
Kellogg and Mountain View Avenue
Yorba Linda, California

September 25

Dan Harley
Arkansas Wildlife Day
K-Mart Center
Hot Springs, Arkansas

September 28

Ralph "Curly" Mitchell
Fullerton Rotary Club
12 noon — 2 p.m.
Del Rey Restaurant
2151 North Harbor Boulevard
Fullerton, California

October 1-3

Ed Quagliana
Penn-Ohio Convention
Stouffers Inn
Fifth & Elm Streets
Cincinnati, Ohio

October 2

Ralph "Curly" Mitchell
Pomona Valley Coin Club
7:30 p.m. to 9:30 p.m.
172 West Monterey Avenue
Pomona, California

October 8-10

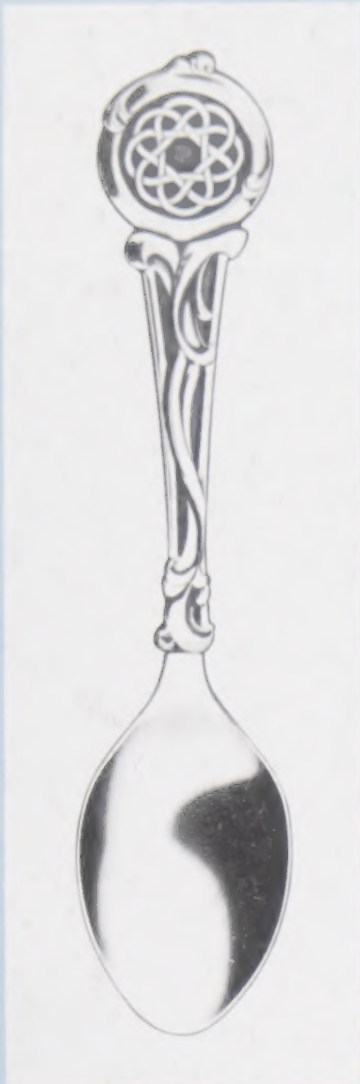
Ed Quagliana
North Carolina Numismatic Association
18th Annual Convention
Royal Villa
310 West Meadowview Road
Greensboro, North Carolina

October 9-10

Ralph "Curly" Mitchell
Downey Coin Club Show
Women's Club House
9813 Paramount Boulevard
Downey, California

October 9-10

Dan Harley
Albert Pike Numismatic Society Show
Municipal Auditorium
Fort Smith, Arkansas



See pages 16.

*The Franklin Mint's
First Love Spoons*

Subscription deadline:
September 30, 1976

THE FRANKLIN MINT
Franklin Center, Pennsylvania 19091

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